46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1906?

My Violet.

I will come with great delight, as nature made me. It is useful to see how old birds peck their young ones from the nest when their season is over. I see Margaret Lyttelton & Katharine Horner, & Mansell & Creighton all poking their ugly beaks & chirping for more, where I used to snuggle in my baby days —

We went to Court today & saw Leo tried for defaming a Judge. It was very tame, & he merely apologised.

Do try & pretend you have a vacant place for me, old Stepdame.

NYPL

T.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

14th May 1906

My Violet.

I sent of the books; the Library had them all, for a wonder. Will you husband send them back to me when he has done with them. An art book got sent by mistake.

There is no news, so why should I waste a letter? However - there are various

Kings. One is this. Did you say
you knew a table with a desk-
because I have smashed mine, or
rather Maud sat down on it - &
I want to get another. So if
you know one - as NYPL you said. how
much is it, & where is it?
I sent my H. Ward to the Speaker,
but I see they have a review
already, longer & even
more vindictive
than mine. They call her a
Snob, & a Sentimentalist, with
no knowledge of art, or humanity. I

So the honour of English literature is
saved, & I can meet Mr. Ward unblushing.
Lamb & Nina have finally drifted
into marriage. At the Friday Club
last week, we sat & listened to this
kind of thing "Nessa: Well, Nina, are
you married"
Nina. Married? O no, I'm not
married. That is I am married.
I think I was married yesterday, &
I was so hungry the whole time,
& I had a new blouse, & a cake:
Lamb was out. Aunt Minnie
says to me solemnly "You must
have seen that he is a woman.
I have no doubt she does it from
the best motives, but it is really
too obvious - poor girl"

anyhow they are a standard kind of
nightmare, & I cant even take a
psy.... ical interest in
them. By the way, what quality
do I lack. Tell me this: I cant
sleep at night for thinking that
Kelly has found me out.

Nothing has happened, or is likely
to happen. but my great brain
goes on all the time, & that after
all is the important thing. I am
going to write a review tomorrow
of a book of letters. Marvalous silly
old letters that ought to have been
burnt when they were written. That
gives me a horror of letter writing —
for wh. reason I write to you, &
you must write to me

NYPL

T.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

July 4 1906.

Monday.

My Violet,

I am going to Shelly on a Saturday, unfortunately. I can't pretend at this moment that I want to; as I don't succeed here; & my jokes are very thin & bald. I was very glad to see a Celli at the Park; a voice from a life & walk into that remote part of it. But the Lucas are very charming &

& west & humane, & less than
inspired prophetess than usual.
She is a remarkable woman I always
feel when I see her; & a great
deal better than her Eloquence
& her mastery of the language
make one Expect- NYPL We talked
about & how; & she dived into
the ample recesses of her mind, &
spun stories of her souls adventures &
disasters; but she has swum
through them all. I never saw
anyone float through life as
complacently & even gracefully
as she does now; & the young

Quakers & Quakeresses flourish beneath
her shower. Death is what she
wants, she says: because it will
be so infinitely better than life.
Meanwhile she eats & dead roses,
reads her philosophers, & talks &
meditates. I should like to
write her letters; but perhaps not in
a letter!
How bad is your leg? I dined
with that stumbling over a
tree meant mischief unless you
were William & Bruno - but
I suppose your friends are weak.
Let me come down some afternoon.
What about Greece? The Quakers
say she is with them badly & yet
if we don't go.

Yours
V.S.

5
7.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1906?

Dear Violet.

I am shocked to hear of your leg: which however being of the consistency of a donkey's longlegs leg doesn't really matter. They said that they don't notice how many they have. Till they put on their stockings.

We have been to a wet garden party; when we had to protect the grass with dry: a

NYPL

now we are just off to the
Friday Club - & Bonnow I go to
the Quaker.

Is it true that Jan are coming
to Tuesday: Clarke too hence
she has an idea, who may
be made useful for the first
time in her life. I make
out that we can do this
whole thing early in 5
weeks: 1 week is ample
for Noels.
The cases are only to be
had at Boots', & though I

stamped address in here & Charley
I couldn't find one - this may
do. if so keep it. it's a
handsome present. Write for word
come & see us. I dined out last
night, & felt like a Hygeine on a
bank; never a drink for me.
Is it, say I, because Hygeia's are
rare & fair; or because they
steam don't want them?
I cannot write a letter at the
present writing.
Margaret send a post card to
say "I gather understand. Shant
expect you at Devonshire House
or Astley or anywhere." is
that a subtle? I think so - but

We had to bring it upon us, &
the sooner we better.
we are free women! And never
form of slavery is degrading -
& the damage done to the mind is
worse than that done to the body!!
Do come up soon. It is a
dreary desert; NYPL I howl & swear,
& scribble away - but so badly.
I go to Kelly's for a Sunday:
but O law I should like to be
left alone; & I'm not a success
there: no! I love her: it is a
stream that runs delicately up hill,
& is very torturous. If your
husband has done his book with
he send 'em back? The Library
is rather bothersome - but don't
that matter if he wants to keep them longer

Cornish Wedding

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1906?

My Violet,

I forgot when you were here that we have promised to go to Eton on Tuesday for the Cornish wedding - so I can't come to Tea, which is a great bore. But we have promised to go.

And now the Quaker wants me is coming here from Wed. to Friday: & I fear can't on Friday & we go to the play on Saturday - so it must be next

week. Which day can you have me?
I could come any day, I think,
except Wednesday 18th.
O what a bore these engagements
are! not yours, I mean; what
is a relief for the spirit. but
less I sit before a Simplon
boy which must be ready in an
hour; to start for Velly.
And I never let any work done.
Are you a great success,
I think. What is Mrs Clarke
doing? How is the knee!

Ever